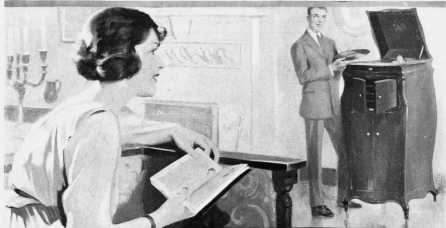


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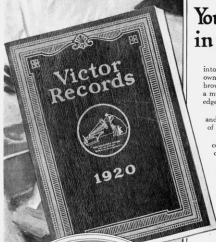
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"The little flickering black flame of a match, so insignificant, lights some great pyres. The red fire which is born out of the spark of a match rises from earth and lifts with its myriad glowing tongues all that is worthy in its course. The match has long since been extinguished, its little flame is already sunk in oblivion. But the fires, warm and devouring. The first words of love, the first blue received timidly in the shadow of a fan, these often play the rôle of a match. The little flickering spark of the first declaration lights love's fire, which rises toward the maiden heart."

"THE FLAME AND THE MATCH"

By

His description of this month's cover translated from the French

But the little spark of the match goes out, plunges into the far unknown, like the shadow of this faithless lover who moves away with slow steps. The girl is alone, enveloped by the flames, which rise toward her heart to consume it. It will emerge unscathed from this accidental blaze to become again a previous jewel in a new and rich setting. . . . P. S. To all lonely lovers I dedicate this gown. The red thistle at the bottom can be seen below the points of the black thistle, like a symbolic flame which rises toward the girl, whereas is embroidered the loved one's portrait."

HARPER'S BAZAR for JANUARY, 1920

YOU are cordially invited to attend an exhibition of original drawings by Erte and Dréan, to be held the week of January 18th to 19th at the galleries of M. Knoedler and Company, on Fifth Avenue near Forty-seventh Street.

This exhibition comes in answer to the many requests Harper's Bazar has had from artists and from lovers of art to show them the work of Erte and Dréan in the original.

No matter how good a reproduction we may give Erte's covers, the full beauty of his line, color and technique is inevitably lost. Erte's ink, no matter how skillfully mixed, lacks the subtlety of Erte's own medium. Compared with the original print, it looks dull. And then, too, the manner in which Erte applies his color is not apparent in the printed replica.

Dréan suffers less in reproduction than does Erte, because his work is more robust and is in black-and-white to start with. But there are hazards in his drawings too, that are more readily appreciated in the original.

This exhibition will show how very high a standard is set by the art in Harper's Bazar—a standard maintained unswervingly month in and month out.

If you have always wished you might have a few real Erte or Dréan drawings for your own, the exhibition will furnish your opportunity.

The new Hotel and Travel Bureau of Harper's Bazar is ready to serve any of our readers who plan to leave home for warmer climes or pastures new. Whether you have in mind merely a short sojourn, or an extended journey, you can add a hundredfold to your pleasure and comfort on route by consulting Harper's Bazar.

As with our Shopping, School, Decoration and Dog Departments, Harper's Bazar Travel Service goes on where others stop. The time to begin using it is the moment you have decided you want to go away. If you will tell what trips you have taken in the past, the Bazar will lay out a series of new itineraries from which you can choose. Then, your objective fixed, you simply pass all the world's details of trains, and boats, time-tables and connections, tickets and hotels over to the Bazar. The Travel Bureau will attend to these things for you, as your personal representative, and make difficult traveling a pleasure.

And, should Europe be your goal, Harper's Bazar is ready to receive you. Our new and greatly enlarged offices at number 2 rue de la Paix, in the centre of fashionable Paris, are at your disposal. There Mrs. Van Campen Stewart and her staff will guide you in your shopping expeditions, intro-

duce you to the famous couturiers, tell you where to find the smartest things, the best values and how much you ought to pay.

For those who want to go ahead, as either pleasure or business, to know that they have a standing invitation to visit our Paris office at number 2 rue de la Paix and make it their headquarters.

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Original from

ERTÉ GLORIFIES THE DOMINO AND ADDS A MASK OF JEWELS

Erté scorns the conventional, disfiguring mask, and suggests black velvet, cut in a lovely design. A shower of ribbons fastens it, and with it one wears six beauty patches on each cheek.

At the right a scarf of filmy black maxine has been embroidered in dull gold threads and draped softly over the face. The long ends are tasselled with gold to give them weight and a bit of brightness.

Monte Carlo, December, 1909.

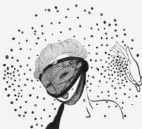
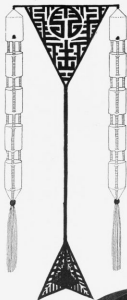
Mon cher Monsieur:

THE vintage time draws to a close, and active preparations are now under way for the most brilliant of seasons. This winter will mark the first organized effort at gaiety since the dark night of war, and one is convinced that not even soaring prices will restrain such travelers as once sought the Côte d'Azur, in order to taste its midwinter pleasures and to luxuriate in its Eden-like beauty.

Already we are planning to revive the masked ball in all its mad gaiety and bucolic, and very delighted we shall be to attend it after such a long lapse of time. But why not revive it without its banality of stereotyped characters and traditional costumes? Why not enliven it with variety?

The domino—ah! The traditional *hoop*, which alieneth not! In Venice until the fall of the Republic, it was commonly worn in the streets. There reigned in the enchanted city at this decadent epoch a strange corruption of manners, and the mask was a necessity. At every entrance hung the black domino. Rich and poor alike donned it, in order that they might saily forth enveloped in anonymity, but frankly, do you not find this mask of black, which cuts the face in two, very ugly?

Why, in hiding one's identity from prying eyes, hide one's beauty as well? I suggest masks that cannot give to the human face a repulsive ugliness, since they are in themselves exquisite little trifles. Imagine, then, a mask of pearls



When the problem of lighting seems a trying one, Erté suggests the lamp at the extreme left. While porcelain lanterns swing from a stand of curved iron on orange and black cords.

Yards of soft maxine in dull cloudy grays and black make the domino close. To outline the weird irregular design, Erté uses tiny pearls and masks the face with a silver spider-web.



Gleaming pearls and glittering diamonds are used for this mask, and two motifs of exquisite workmanship, from which depend large pearls, cover the ears, while a band of the jewels spans the forehead. Who would not prefer this stately disguise to the conventional and unimaginative mask, cut from a bit of black satin and lace?



A bandeau of jade and long earrings to match, thought Erik in a creative mood, and he added a spray of black algerettes to veil the face and lend a delightful bit of mystery.

Erik's "Incognito" at the left is fashioned from one piece of black tulle. Ruchings, shading from the point peak to deep crimson, weight the full silver-gilt skirt.



which covers the upper part of the face—would it not be entrancing with an Oriental costume? Hindu, by preference? Or a mask of black algerettes—charming with no matter what costume—and then the embroidered veil which shows only languishing eyes above the manner of the Modern woman's yashmak? One could invent endlessly the most original creations, if women, the frail artists in fashion's realm, would but consent to throw off the yoke of tradition. There are, needless to say, among traditional costumes those which are forever elegant, but the greater number are grotesque, when submitted to modern eyes. The historic domino, with its enormous sleeves was a necessity when rapier and sword, hoop and flounce had to be concealed, but now, men are uniformly clad in black and women narrowly skirted.

"But," argue some, "the domino gives to the face an air of mystery." I reply, "Then one may attain

this illusion by means of a domino of distinguished cut, a domino which shall not make one's figure look like a shapeless bundle."

So much for the old *enquiry*; now let us consider a second mania of the moment—the quest for a new line in feminine apparel. That one should search for it does not amuse me in the least, but that which does amuse me is that one should find it, as one does. "The new line!" . . . But does it, can it, exist?—there is nothing new in the grotes-

quetry of the human body. The ideal is the body itself, and, if the ancients understood this, it is surely a disgrace that our super-refined modernity cannot comprehend it. The apparel of woman should be always an exquisite embellishment for her body, and every effort of the artist who designs the dress of woman should be directed to this aim alone. I hardly advise that the modern toilette should be made up of Grecian draperies; I do affirm that a modern gown should be built upon lines which shall not deform the wearer's figure. This is the only way in which progress in woman's dress and the apotheosis of elegance can be achieved. *Faustler, aprior, chez Matisse, l'expression de nos plus intimes sentiments.*

FUTURE LEADERS



AUSTIN GRANNIS

Austin Grannis, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Uri B. Grannis of Lake Forest, Illinois, has all the earmarks of a deep sea sailor. Of the Grannis men it might be said, "If the Church doesn't get them the Navy must," for while Austin is the grandson of a well-known clergyman, several of his uncles are in the naval service.



JULIE FORGAN

Julie Forgan, whose parents are the Donald M. Forgan, had a taste of Washington life during the past year, for her father was one of the dollar-a-year men who continued his service after the armistice was signed. The Forgan are now back in their home in Evanston.

HUGH McDERNEY JOHNSTON, JR.

In spite of the fever it is most unlikely that Hugh McDerney Johnston, Jr., finds much pleasure in botany. Balls and bats seem to be more in his line, and the man who took the picture evidently put something over on this older son of the Hugh McDerney Johnstons of Lake Forest.



Clemenceau

Gaymeur Castelnau Joffre Foch

Poincaré

Gallieni

Here at the base of the statue of Victory and ranged below it on either side are the great French leaders—every figure in this picture is a portrait.

PARTIS has added to her world-famous monuments the unique structure of the "Pantheon de la Guerre". For it was not enough for France that the names of the men who saved her should be preserved, and their deeds recorded in history and family tradition. The faces of the men who fought and died to save her stand here portrayed, so that posterity may say: "Such were the men who saved France. These are they who were, after God, the saviors of civilization."

The building, which with its paintings was not completed until the end of 1918, stands on the rue de l'Université, not far from Les Invalides. The entrance is a Greek portico, as in the pictured Pantheon of Victory within. The rest of the building is of a form designed to accommodate the immense circular canvas, 120 meters long by 15 high,

The PANTHEON OF WAR

By RENÉ BAZIN
de l'Académie française

on which in 1,800 square meters of painting the artists have portrayed the faces of 3,000 and more persons, some of the portraits being taken from life and others from photographs and documents sent by the families. The surprising thing about so immense a work, the prodigious thing, is that it

should be a work of art at all and form a single whole. But in point of technique it is so perfect that it seems not to be done in the flat, but to have depth and air.

After the war, it would have been too late to undertake this unique work of glorification. Not only might the documents and photographs easily have been lost. What would certainly have been lost was the martial aspect of all these men, once they were drawn back into their peace-time occupations. Here, for the time, they are solely, and supremely, soldiers. Their features are stamped with the fortitude whose mood is victory, with force of will, and lighted with a vestal flame of hope. Never in human history have so many faces borne the stamp of such service. And that is why those who understand, Frenchman and foreigner who came to help on the fight, will con-



From an Ensking by Miss E. M. A. Steinhilber

A SOUTHERN FROCK WITH THREE OF FASHION'S FUTURE WHIMS

Miss E. M. A. Steinhilber has given her creation the crisp flounces that are to make lovely the very smartest of new frocks, and, so that they might conform to the dictates of the future mode, they are knife plaited. The frock is fashioned of white tulle, which bids fair to be one of the season's most favored fabrics, and the soft chiffon bodice is girdled with green—all truly prophetic of the graceful, feminine mode of the coming summer.



LAVIN

From a vividly embroidered and gaudy set of the kips, Lavin brings a plaid skirt upon a *Native blue crêpe de Chine* frock, then adds red revers and narrow cuffs.

LAVIN

With a full-plaited shirt of cream white serge, Mlle. Jane Rousseau wears the blouse shown in the center. Of orange velvet it is crumpled and embroidered in cream.

DOUCET

For afternoon in the South, there could be no lovelier frock than this of Doucet. It is entirely fashioned of soft white crêpe de Chine, with not a speck of color to trim it.

PARIS MAKES COLORFUL CLOTHES FOR THE SOUTH BUT ACCENTS BLACK AND WHITE

BUT by lit Paris is stepping off the war mask and turning again a fair face to the world—but still Paris is not the same. Strange faces and even stranger clothes are worn in the boulevards at the Opéra, once brilliant with the fashion and wit of Europe. The wearers of diamonds and furs—many of them—bear unknown names. The gallery now occupies, as it were, the "grand tier" and those who used to ride in trams now roll about luxuriously in glistering limousines. Paris has changed much during the last five years.

Dancing has become almost a disease. People dance after dinner in hotels, in theatres and tea-rooms in the afternoons, and in theatres at night between the acts. Everywhere we hear the languorous music, the sound of slowly but rhythmically moving feet. Everywhere in the evening we see the very low corsets, bare shoulders, bare arms. Bad taste—vulgar, for who will—but it is there.

Odd as it seems, those who by night wear the lowest of all low corsets, by day go about chastely clothed to the ears. Even the chin is often partially concealed by collars of austere serge. High collars are a feature of the present fashion and, somehow, all at once curiously smart. To-day I saw a black velvet corset with a very high velvet collar, buttoned from chin to waist-line with crystal buttons, and was impressed with its perfect style.

But high collars are not permitted both frocks and mantles. If the cloak is closely collared at the throat, the frock underneath must be open at

the neck. The coat-dress supports the high collar most successfully—closely fastened about the throat for street wear, and turned back from the throat when indoors. High collars are also worn with tailored frocks, the collar being attached to the decorative waistcoat.

It is not given to every cushion to be transformed into a muff and changed back again into a cushion all in an instant of time, but Charlotte and Germaine offer such an one to their clients. Of gray squirrel is this cushion, round and rather flat—a perfectly good cushion, in fact. In the sides are two satin-lined slips for the hands, and the muff may be carried in the street and, indoors, form a cushion for mirthful's couch.

Some of the new smart capes are made of plush. The Princesse de Faugny-Luzings wore, one sunny day at Longchamp, a simple circular cape of brown plush colored and curled with *pois*. This cape was worn over a softly plaited frock of brown crêpe Georgette girdled with black moire ribbon, one long end of which fell below the cape in the back.

Chéruit made the blue and green and black plaid coat worn by another Frenchwoman, who is always modestly attired. Slender in line and generally close-fitting, the long coat was pouched out a bit under the arms above a narrow plaid girdle which tied in front, the back of the coat showing very shallow crosswise wrinkles—just one or two—at the waist line. The high standing collar, which was buttoned closely about the throat, was lined inside with monkey—the black fur falling out at the top—and the closely buttoned front of the coat, which

fastened on the left side, was also edged on the inside with monkey.

The slender effect at the neck is new and smart. Many new corsets are collared in the fashion described above. Fur collars, even, fastening closely about the throat are slender in effect—monkey fur lending itself particularly well to this slender line. Indeed monkey fur is still used enormously as trimming.

Clasped has just made for Mlle. Sorel a very smart straight chemise blouse—narrowly belted—of light gray serge over a skirt of rough yellow bane, cross-banded with gray. With this simple, smart frock Sorel wears a hat of gray felt, the brim rolled up sharply on the side.

Hellsten is making shoes with scarlet heels—low shoes of black varnished leather with heels of bright red leather. Many shoes of black leather, we are told, will be lined with leather matching the frock in color. A Hellsten evening shoe of black satin, the toe headed with green, is lined with green velvet. A few nights ago at the Opéra-Carnegie I saw a low shoe of green satin with a scarlet heel worn with a black frock trimmed with green—and, by the way, black is very much trimmed with green just now, green being for some reason very smart.

Gloves are now buttoned on the outside of the wrist instead of below the palm. One button is used as a rule, and a white glove thus buttoned is lined with brown kid at the wrist, the brown leather being turned down over the hand. Very smart is a glove of firm brown leather, elbow length, which is wrinkled about the wrist and over the lower part of the sleeve of a tailored frock.



The newest of black velvet boleros, Lanvin lines with white satin and cuts with a deep round neck. The skirt of white tulle, over a white satin slip, is fittingly trimmed with narrow felings.

At the right, Jenny adds fulness to the hips by puffing artfully the black tulle between straps of jet. An underdress of gold tulle and three pink roses lend a bit of color to the ensemble.

Of turquoise blue velvet, the little gown above is loveliness itself. Then, to further its charms, Doucet gives it a modish hip-line and motifs of gold bead embroidery and crystal.

One of Jenny's newest achievements is of black velvet made along gracefully simple lines. All the edges of the gown are bound with gold, and there are gold embroidered motifs.

At the Théâtre Femina Mlle. Jane Renouardt—pretty creature—fits through four acts of "La Souris d'Hotel," clad in most charming frocks by Lanvin. What could be lovelier, indeed, than the white cloak sleeved and collared with monkey which Mlle. Renouardt wears in the last act? It is perfection—a masterpiece—a little wonder of a cloak, and Mlle. Renouardt, suited and gloved with black, wears it very well.

At the premiere of "Hercule à Paris" at the Palais Royal, the witchlike Spirely appeared in costumes as whimsically surprising as herself. Even more surprising was the coiffure worn by Spirely in the last act—the hair brushed severely back from the brow with the appearance of being passed on to the head, and adorned with a huge curved, faring comb of shell, posed at a curious angle.

This coiffure adopted by Mlle. Spirely is interesting in that, minus the comb, it is one of the smart coiffures of the moment—very severe, exceedingly sleek and smooth, with not a hair misplaced. No doubt is

left as to the shape of the head with this new coiffure, in which all coquetry of curls and softly straying locks is eliminated. The hair is either arranged in a tight, twisted knot low on the head in the back, or the long locks are tucked under and flatter pinned to the head, the hair being brushed back smoothly over them with indescribable sleekness. This coiffure to be effective demands very dark hair, strongly marked eyebrows and generally vivid coloring.

In the hopes at the Palais Royal one woman wore in her blonde hair a wreath of silver berries—a slender silver stem bearing not too many pointed silver leaves and not too many berries. A Paquin coiffure, this, and a very dainty one. Another wore a twist of silver ribbon about her head, and one a broad flat bandana of pearls with a long point tassel falling on the right side over the ear. Very odd was a head-dress in the form of a skull-cap of black velvet with a tiny rolled back edge of silver tulle and a little silver knot.

One head was encircled by a wreath of green leaves, with cluster of grapes falling like a tassel on one side. One woman wore a wreath of tulle, and one a garland of gold and silver grapes.

For the South frocks and wraps of Kashe, for instance, being most effective over a frock of black satin. Sunset also is a tailored frock of black Kashe with a waistcoat blouse of white cote de Chine embroidered in a rambling pattern with black. White frocks trimmed with monkey—Point makes a white negligee colored and edged with monkey—Original, very pool style, and capes and cloak



BOUÉ
SOURS

Field red has become a favored hue, and one does not question why when one sees Boué's red satin frock, veiled with frouces of red tulle, the under one embroidered with peillotes.



ALICE
BERNARD

Alice Bernard creates the sensuously distinctive and very lovely frock above. Of silver tissue, it has a full-skipped tunic of gold tulle. The bolice is cut almost to the waist in the back.



JENNY

Jenny always delights in black for evening wear, and uses delicate Chantilly lace as a tunic for the satin gown above. A section of the bolice and on end of the back are embroidered with turquoise and jet beads.



DOUCET
Original from

Another very good reason for choosing an evening frock of black is Doucet's black tulle and old Spanish lace at the left. The narrow satin girdle is faced with pale yellow, and there is a cluster of pink roses.

trimmed with the striking designs in black embroidery, which Lanvin introduced so successfully some months ago, are still generally much worn.

Very unusual was a black-and-white combination which appeared recently at Monte Carlo. The frock was white—a corsage of white crêpe de Chine drawn down to the top of the hips over a skirt of white tulle, which veiled an underpiece of silver tissue. The lower part of the corsage was trimmed with two bands of silver ribbon, and the tulle skirt fell below the silver sheath on each side and in the back. Over this frock was worn a domino-like circular cape of black velvet, falling limply from the shoulders. The rolled-over velvet collar was negligible, but around the throat was wound an odd long straight scarf of foster fland with silver. Silver side out, this scarf was twisted picturesquely about the throat and piled high about the face, one long end falling low in front, the other, shorter, tossed backward over the shoulder; and the effect of the gleaming silver above the lily black velvet was very odd and new.

Smart is a knee-length coat of white cotton velvet based from hip to edge with monkey, posed with the far crest. The rather loose coat is puckered slightly into the top of the monkey band and the high close collar—always worn open—is of monkey, lined with black satin. This satin lining, doubled, falls loose down the front in the form of a cravat which may be knotted, if desired, under the chin, where it is tied in a bow, or allowed to fall loose in two long ends. With this smart coat is worn a small black tricorn trimmed with a row of monkey.

Another wrap for the South is of black and white plaid wool—a loose yoked cape, collared with leather. Smart also is a cape of yellow bare cross-buried with gray—a Chanel model—yoked across the back only and collared with gray fur. The hands are thrust through slits in the sides, and the cape is unlined. A similar cape of plaid in two shades of gray—light gray cross-buried with a darker shade—is collared with monkey.

Just now yellow is much worn for the South-tailored frocks of yellow bare collared perhaps with fur, or capes and loose coats of yellow wool, stitched sometimes with gray or black. Black also is good—black velvet cape-wraps for the afternoon or evening wear, and dancing frocks of black tulle and jet worn with pearls and diamonds.

One light evening wrap for the South consists merely of two very full frouces of silver tulle, one shorter than the other, falling simply and gracefully from a collar of black.



If one is tall and slender, there could be nothing more becoming than a graceful and colorful tea-gown of fog chiffon over a slip of flesh satin. The long coat is of vivid yellow chiffon, and the girde potanie satin. Lucile adds a cluster of mauve, peonies and blue flowers at the waist, and gives the gown a deep cape-collars of leopard skin.



Mrs. Ruth Shepley wears this adorable little house costume, which is characteristic of Lucile from the top of the enchanting bonnet to the tips of the tiny brocade mules. In the first place, Lady Gordon is fond of jackets and has made this one of soft net over a slip of creamy satin, trimmed with yards of fine lace. About the edges of the jacket there are small appliqué leaves in the palest of green satins, for upon almost every Lucile creation we are pleased to find a bit of green. The bounds of white lace is brimmed a bit at the sides and wreathed with pale green satin ribbons that float down the back in two beguiling streamers, and upon the toes of the brocade satin slippers there are fluffy ravens of chiffon.

prepared by your own adorable hands for supper? Are golden waffles likely to contrast us on the breakfast table to-morrow at the hideous hour of five-thirty? Will there be maple syrup from yonder hillside grove?"

"You have said it!" Sally answered. "But you'd better chase yourselves into the house now, or pop it be perished at having to wait for you."

On the veranda a tall elderly man rose from a hammock, in which he had been reading a newspaper, and stretched himself. His tanned face was deeply lined, but he gave the impression of health and vigor.

"Leary," whispered the Governor in an aside and immediately introduced the stranger.

"The road has been smooth and the sky is high," said the Governor in response to a quick anxious questioning of Leary's small restless eyes.

"Did you find peace in the churches by the way?" asked Leary.

"In one of the temples we found peace and plenty," answered the Governor, as though rocking in a ritual.

Leary nodded and gave a hitch to his trousers. "You found the waters of Champlain tranquil, and no hawks followed the landward passages?"

"The robin and the blue bird sang over all the road," he answered; then with a glance at Archie, "You gave no warning of the second pilgrim?"

"The brother is young and innocent, but I find him an apt pupil."

"The brother will learn first the wisdom of silence," replied Leary, and then, as though by an afterthought, he shook Archie warmly by the hand.

They went into the house, where Mrs. Walker, a stout middle-aged woman, greeted them effusively.

"We've got to get you both in one room, if you

don't mind," she explained, "but there's two beds in it. I guess you can make out."

"Make out?" cried the Governor, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "We should be proud to be permitted to sleep on the porch! You do us much honor, my dear Mrs. Walker."

"Oh, you always cheer us up, Mr. Southbury. And Mr. Comly is just as welcome."

The second floor room to which Walker led them was plainly but neatly furnished, and the windows looked out upon rolling pastures. The Governor abandoned his high flown talk and asked blunt questions as to recent visitors, apparently referring to criminals who had lodged at the farm. They talked quite openly while Archie unpacked his bag. The nervous activity of the folk of the underworld, their methods of communication and points of rendezvous seemed part of a vast system, and he was warmed of his enormous interest in all he saw and heard. The Governor's cool fashion of talking at the world of crime and its denizens almost legitimized it, made it appear a recognized part of the acceptable scheme of things. Walker aroused the Governor's deepest interest by telling of the visit of Pete Harney, a diamond thief, who had lately made a big haul in Chicago, and had been passed along from one point of refuge to another. The Governor asked particularly as to the man's experiences and treatment on the road, and whether he had complained of the hospitality extended by any of the agents of the underworld.

"You needn't worry about him," said Walker, with a shrug.

"He asks for wet he wants.

"Sorry if he made himself a nuisance. I'll give warning to chain the gates toward the north. Is he carrying the spurs with him?"

"Let's 'em shine like a fool. I told 'em to clear out with 'em."

"You did right. The brothers from the West must be more careful about handing out tickets. Now that Red up here, and we'll transact a little business."

Leary appeared a moment later and Archie was about to leave the room, but the Governor insisted stoutly that he remain.

"I'm anxious for you and Red to know that I trust both of you fully."

"That's the young brother—a con?" asked Leary with a glance at Archie.

To be referred to as a confidence man by a gentleman of Leary's professional eminence gave Archie a thrill. The Governor answered by drawing up his sleeves and going through the motions of washing his hands.



the door, he might never have reached the vestibule



Archie's heart went pit-a-pat as Sally hung an apron on him

"Does the hawk follow fast?" Leary asked, as he proceeded to fill his pipe.

"The shadow hasn't fallen, but we watch the sky," returned the Governor.

The brushing of the hands together Archie interpreted as a code sign signifying murder, and the subsequent interchange of words he took to be inquiry and answer as to the danger of apprehension. He felt that Leary's attitude toward him became friendlier from that moment. There was something ghastly in the thought that as the slayer of a human being he attained a certain dignity in the eyes of men like Leary. But he became interested in the transaction that was now taking place between the thief and the Governor. The Governor extracted the sixty one-thousand bills from a pair of silk hose he had carried in the top of his bag, and laid them out on the bed. He rapidly explained just how Leary's hidden booty had been recovered, and the manner in which the small bank-notes had been converted into money that could be passed without arousing suspicion.

"Too big for one bite, but old Dan Shively will charge 'em all for you in Bean Center. You know his place. You see him alone and ask to chop some food for your cattle. He makes a good front and stands well at his bank."

Leary picked up ten of the bills and held them out to the Governor.

"If that ain't right, we'll make it right," he said.

"Not a cent, Red! I haven't got to a point yet where I charge a fee for my services. But our young brother here is entitled to anything he wants."

Archie grasped with difficulty the idea that he was invited to share in the loot. His protests (Continued on page 91)

Farewell to Austere Winter!



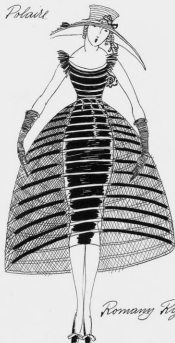
A Wee Dip

her in red. Her capacious pockets I shall interline with rubber; if she wishes to indulge in the harmless little peccadilloes of a tiny whiff or a chocolate or two, as she dives and floats, she may. "A Wee Dip" is the colloquial name of the gay bathing suit. If she is languorously beautiful, I shall clothe my bather in cloth of silver, veiled in silver fish-net. Gaze, just here, at the "Mermaid", which shows her as she rises, like Venus, triumphant from the foam, brandishing aloft a tiny dolphin... From beach to ballroom! The sub-tropics suggest to me a dance frock of blossoms, and I strew flesh

Gail to the indulgent South! After the New Year is fairly launched I shall sail off to that land of villas, palms and roses - the Riviera. Now, however, I am absorbed in the most beguiling of all occupations - the conversion into tangible form of my most intangible fancies in fashion, and these fashions quite naturally hover about sandy beaches and coconut groves. I shall send my lovely clients to the surf this season in luminous array. If the swimmer is jaunty in allure, I shall make for her a bathing skirt of red, black and white plaided jersey, and jacket



Mlle. Polaire



Romany Rye

Original from



not with pink roses and adorn the pale satin bodice exactly at the décolletage with a cluster of the same blooms. As a final charm

I add a pink rose just above the ear and call the whole in gentle badinage, "Mlle Polaire." Then the Palm Beach bell must be equipped for the perennial lawn fete and, I think, should be diaphanous on such occasions. I therefore envelop with black be-ribboned net her underslip of jade. Poes of gloaming hue fall from her broad-brimmed hat, and she rejoices in the name of "Tip-Top!" A racy bonnet for her sports attire is of black straw, from under the brim of which hang black cherries in carring fashion. It is exceedingly



The Mermaid



bewitching, when worn by Mrs. Howard Cushing, and is it not appropriately called "Romany Eye"? I have made for the habituée of the gray sands a charming frock, whose skirt is of black satin, printed with startling parrots' heads in white and yellow. It is jacketted in black satin, banded with white at neck and sleeves, and I send it forth as "Polly with a Future." Ce qui j'ai accompli, mesdames!

Herman Patrick Tappé

Polly
with a
Future



WITH THE PASSING OF NOON WE MUST CHARM THIS
YEAR IN CHIFFONS AND LACES

After the luncheon hour, when tennis rackets and riding crops have been laid aside, there are this year frocks of delicate fabrics to be donned. The one above of hydrangea-blue chiffon is draped in exquisite folds upon the hips over a slip of palest flesh color. From the belt of the simple corsage three falls a single pink rose, which comprises the only bit of trimming on the frock.

For one of her loveliest frocks—shown in the center—Miss Steinmetz has used pale yellow chiffon and veiled the slender skirt with a tulle of sheer cream lace. There is a hat to accord of cream straw, adorned with clusters of hydrangeas. The host gown has the finest fern fillet lace to trim its skirt and make the sleeves, and it is fastened of brilliant green chiffon. The large hat is of soft cream straw.



DISTINCTIVE FROCKS
FOR EVERY HOUR OF THE
SOUTHERN DAY

from

Marie W. Bendel

Camel's-hair has attained great popularity for feminine attire this season. Lavin uses it successfully for the Bendel suit above at the left and gives the coat a scarf of yellow yarn, embroidered with black chenille.

If you would have the dervish cry in sports frocks, see that your skirt is quilted (chairs)! In the center above Lavinia tops a quilted skirt with camel's-hair and adds a green wide hat.

Collet was the originator of the cloak above at the right, in which one will wrap oneself in the South-land. Fashioned of heavy black satin, it is striped with blue embroidery to match the soft, heavily tassled hood.

Bendel has a delightfully dashing little suit from Lavinia of white cloth, gorgeously embroidered with red and yellow upon bands of Balban blue. The skirt is slashed to reveal Balban trousers!

Topping a white knife-plaid crêpe de Chine skirt, what could be more delightful than Lavinia's straight black satin jacket, built on Chinese lines, embroidered in gold and crissed with orange satin?



Digitized by

Original from

CARDBOARD
IS THE GARNITURE
UPON ONE HANDSOME
BLOUSE

Another happy triumph is the frock at the extreme right, fashioned of black and gold brocade, with the gracefully draped skirt so characteristic of Worth. Shoulder-straps of aquamarine uphold the corsage, and motifs of the jewels are embroidered upon the front of the gown.

A past master in the art of draping, Worth has handled most skillfully the vivid green satin of the gown at the right, with its petticoat of silver lace. The bodice is a perfect cascade of brilliants from the shoulders to the low waist-line.



Not only has Chéruit's costume at the left the newest of silhouettes and ruffles, but its blouse is of brilliant green satin palliated in a distinctive design with white cordons! The close skirt, which one does with this unique affair, is of black satin.



Embroidery of some kind is bound to find its way upon the simplest of dresses, as Lavin uses morning-glory blue silks upon the black satin frock at the right. Boudé adds a large hat of black Chantilly.

Again Lavin advocates black for afternoon. This time—at the extreme right—a frock of black velvet has a tape-run lace skirt and pastel ruffles to mingle at the belt. The Boudé hat of black lace is gold trimmed.





If you are puzzled by any problem in decoration or furnishing, Anne Duncan will gladly help you. If you wish to buy any articles shown here she will make the purchases for you. Simply write Anne Duncan, Harpo's Bazar, 119 West 40th St., New York, enclosing check.

GIVE COLOR FULL SWAY IN YOUR BEDROOM

By ANNE DUNCAN
and ROBERT McQUINN

Painted wood and cane day-bed. Black tufted cover and cushions piped with rose. New York Galleries. Corded tufted cushion, Rose, old blue, gold or black, \$15. Oval tufted cushion with plaidings. Rose, blue or gold, \$21. Moon-shaped silk cushion, variety of colors, \$25.



Lace-trimmed pink silk powder-box. Silhouette drawer, mirror, and puff. Complete, \$20. Long handled ribbon-bound puff, \$2.50. Painted glass powder bowl, \$2.25.



Crystal, gilt-banded toilet bottle. Decorated top on dropper. Four in. size, \$4.25. Two in., \$3. Rose or blue silk talcum box holder. With the box of talcum, \$4.50.

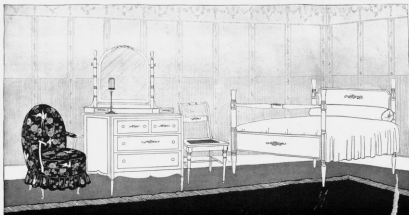
EVERY woman likes to be surrounded by the many lovely, dainty things that find their place in the furnishings of a bedroom, for here she may relax and enjoy the really feminine attributes of decoration.

In her bedroom, she may follow out her preference for a certain color scheme, in the most fascinating combinations for her window

hangings. Tullest of delicate tones or soft filmy silks which are far too impractical for hangings throughout the other rooms in the house, vie with bright-colored chintz in popularity for this use, or are combined as a foundation material and trimmings. Curtains of chintz take on -offings or bands of tullest, for example, or are trimmed with ruffles of the silk with piped edges or pipings, perhaps in a

Original walnut bureau with painted decorations in faded rose, yellow and green. Metal lamps, 25" high, antique blue finish and ornamented with sprays of colored tin flowers. Decorated paper shades. Toilet set of eight pieces in rose or blue. Painted pen sketch decoration. Wrenmaker's.

Green painted, flower decorated bedroom furniture—bed, bureau, chiffonier, shaving mirror, dressing table, bench, night stand, table and side chairs. Walnut armchair in black flowered chintz. New York Galleries. Gray and white striped painted wallpaper with garlands. Richard E. Thibaut, Inc.



A valiant four-poster with gray taffeta spread, draperies, valance and day pillow, piped in rose. Rose taffeta bows trim the three shaped ruffles of the valance, with the same color used for the curtain tie-backs. Floor rags in gray with patterns carried out in soft pastel coloring with touches of black are also shown here.



A charming accessory for the dressing table or bedside stand is this lace-trimmed memorandum pad, with lined, any color, trimmed with ribbon roses. Can be refilled and has a gold plated pencil attached. This may be had complete for \$12.

contrasting shade. These are then carried out in the bed draperies, as in the treatment of the valance or coverlet trimming.

In the tie-backs of the window curtains may be found another dainty touch, for these can be made entirely of ribbon flowers held together on a silk foundation in a gathered, or consist of a silk-covered loop trimmed with wired silk bows. In others, the loops are merely trimmed with the puffs or bands of silk to correspond with the valance and curtains, or are made with a succession of narrow ruffles of contrasting colored ribbons, which appear in the colorings in the design of the chaise or silk.

Old-time colored glass, or Bittern enamel curtain knobs, over which the curtains may be looped back, are also attractive and are especially convenient where the curtains are dropped at night. Such curtains of simple net, or of delicate pink transparent silk or Georgette crêpe, are preferable for bedroom use.

For the chaise-longue or day-bed, taffeta coverings in colors to match the draperies, or of black with brilliant piping, make an effective background for the cushions, which on the day-bed can take the

form of long rolls, tasseled-trimmed, as illustrated. These cushions also are made in a variety of other shapes. Covered with lace, or made of taffeta with fine platings and coolings or finished at each end in two large loops ornamented with a cluster of ribbon roses, such as the new oval cushions above, they contribute to the charm and comfort of the room.

On the bed itself, should the room be hung in chintz and the bed a four-poster, candlewick hardware, natural linen spreads with a dainty valance and under-drapery are desirable. Where this same type of bed is used and the room has taffeta curtains, the bed may have a more formal treatment and taffeta be used for the spread and valance.

Quite new and luxuriously dainty are the beaded sheets and pillow cases of crêpe de Chine, with their hand-embroidered monograms. These may be had in pale pink, delicate yellow, white or any desired color.

In spreads for open beds, those of taffeta simply trimmed with two four-inch corded-edged pinnings of the same material are an attractive treatment, while chintz cretonne lined with

(Continued on page 222)

A brass box, which will be found useful for brushes or cigarettes, is this one with a painted decoration in blue or black. This is especially suitable for the bedroom and is entirely new in design. \$5.



Dressing-table covered in glass chintz with a striped pattern in old blue and rose on a cream ground. The blue taffeta hood with pinnings of the glass chintz and a lace veil covers a blue wicker framed mirror.



ALONG FIFTH AVENUE

With the GADABOUT

Of jade-green culture planter is the delicately transparent fan at the right. The bag immediately below is Persian silk in gorgeous Oriental hues, while black velvet, piped with white ribbon, makes the more conservative one at the right. Between the bags lies a wreath of grapes and foliage for the evening ceremony. In the lower panel are two new girdles, one of moiré and white ivory the other of Russian brass with jet for its fastenings.



Miss Elsie makes a most desirable sports costume in the one just below at the left. The skirt is plaited at the sides to add a bit of comfortable width, and topped with a blouse of hyacinth-blue washable satin.



Shorrest fresh organdie from Belgium, which has all the charm of a hand-woven fabric, was chosen by Miss Elsie to make the gold-embroidered frock at the left.



From Bergdorf Goodman there comes a Chérol suit of gray and black striped Rodier fabric. One discovers to one's surprise, when the coat has been removed, that the skirt is striped horizontally!

Also to be had at Bergdorf Goodman's is the stunning Peirce winter above at the right, which is built of blue and green plaid and smartly trimmed with leopard skin.

royale green chiffon and tulle, with subtle embroidery in matching tones, and with which she carried a superb ostrich fan of deepest royale.

As in every notable assemblage this season, there were many distinguished toilettes of black, or black and white. Mrs. Updon Mills wore close-fitting white satin, shrouded in black lace with tiara and paces of diamonds—an ensemble upon which her graciously erect carriage conferred a stately elegance.

Black velvet was conspicuous, too, by its presence, and in almost every instance, it depended, like Mrs. Charles B. Alexander's, solely for effect upon its own rich texture. The shoulders of one striking creation in black velvet were very charmingly treated. The low square-cut corage, instead of consisting of the usual broad grille held in position by shoulder-straps, was fitted closely to the figure around the arm-holes and over the shoulders. Bands of black velvet passed across the upper arms a few inches below the shoulders, as if holding in place an invisible underframe.

One of the loveliest and most highly selected frocks at the Prince's gala opera performance was

WITH joyous fanfare of bugles and the urgent rolling of drums, the season of nineteen nineteen and nineteen twenty was ushered in. It has been our happy privilege to welcome and to kiss a monarch regnant and his consort, a royal heir apparent and a great dignitary of the Church of Rome within the brief period of six weeks, and so enchanted have we become with the pagantry which surrounds a throne that faction and attire will bear the impress of these fleeting visitations throughout the winter.

The evening gown, quite naturally, expresses our royalist mood in all its democratic exuberance: the toilettes designed for ball and gala opera, given in honor of our royal visitors, were the *ne plus ultra* achievements of the year.

It was a brilliantly attired audience which rose to greet the young *Prince des Galles*, when he entered the improved royal box of the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of November eighteenth. The spectator was struck by the preponderance of green. A number of women were wearing velvet gowns of Venetian green—simple in cut, rather slender in outline and very slightly draped, they threw into becoming relief the complexities above them and formed a background for jewels which was most telling. Many frocks were of green chiffon and tulle, palliated or beaded in matching hue, and if the gown were soft, moiré or pale moiré, then the plumed fan accompanying it was of intense jade or Venetian. Among these veridically lovely gowns one noted Mrs. Paul D. Cravath's, of